THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. VOL. XXXIII. | JULY, 1881. | NEW SERIES. VOL. X. NO. 7.

HERE you see Johnny Smith trying to eat a big piece of bread. Carlo is eagerly watching for some, but the greedy little boy does not mean that he shall have any. How much prettier the picture would be if Johnny were giving Carlo a part of the bread!

For the Dayspring.

ALPHABET OF NATURAL HISTORY.

K.

'TWAS hard to find an insect whose name began with J,
And now I fear there's only one whose name begins with K.
I mean, of course, the Katyd'd, of which each child has heard,
That screams its name out all night long, and not another word.
But *this* our Doctor Holmes has sung in such a charming way,
That hardly any thing is left for you and me to say.
Who Katy was, what Katy did, and how she came to be
Changed to an insect, — all is hid from Holmes and you and me.
'Tis one of Nature's mysteries, which Ovid, who of old
Searched out her Metamorphoses, could not, perhaps, unfold.
So we will just leave Katy there to chatter in her thicket,
Whether you call her Grasshopper or Cicada or Cricket.
No doubt she is a relative to each one of the three,
Though two of them live in the grass and she up in the tree.

Then for another K we needs must cast our eyes around,
And to invent one shall be driven, unless it can be found.
Ha! here comes help in season to save me from the crime
Of telling a fictitious thing in alphabetic rhyme.
I have it here in black and white. What thanks I owe to her
Who wrote a book called "Little folks in feathers and in fur"!
There is an insect long and lean, just like a twig looks he,
He has six legs like smaller twigs, with which he climbs a tree.
A most uncanny-looking thing, I can imagine well;
Which is the head and which the tail, they say, 'tis hard to tell.
A man once tried to catch one; (what's printed must be true!)
The scissors were too sharp, — they cut the creature right in two!
Imagine the amazement and horror of our brother,
To see the head run one way, the tail run off the other!

Some call the thing a "Walking-stick;" they call it in Brazil
"The Devil's Horse." What weird ideas the people's fancies fill!
There was a *winged* thing, we called, some fifty years ago,
The "Devil's Darning-Needle" — do they still call it so? —
But this one I am speaking of, whose feet so nimbly fly,
Some call the KNITTING-NEEDLE — you guess the reason why.

One thing is curious to observe, how Providence contrives,
By making creatures look so like their haunts, to guard their lives.
Of this examples, every day, on every side, one sees
In insects God has made to dwell on rocks or grass or trees.

One thing, before concluding, I add: that this my song
Is like the creature it has sung, — it is both thin and long.

C. T. B.

For The Dayspring.

THE GREAT CHESHIRE CHEESE.

A CHESHIRE cheese is *always* good; at least that is what is claimed for it by the good people of Cheshire, who have made cheese-making the chief industry of their town. I do not mean Cheshire in England, but Cheshire amid the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts, where dairy farms are numerous, and where the farmers' wives pride themselves on their cheese and butter. They once made a cheese so famous and so big that it was talked about all over the States, and

its fame even went abroad into foreign countries. This famous cheese was made in Cheshire about eighty years ago. At that time the village church had for its parson Elder John Leland, a man of strong character and eloquent speech, whose sermons attracted great attention and drew people from all the country side every Sunday to hear him expound the Scriptures. Elder Leland, however, did not confine himself to religious teachings alone; if he thought any thing was not just right in the town meeting, he did not hesitate to say so in his pulpit the next Sunday; and he always attacked a wrong thing squarely, calling it by its right name, and advising the person whom he thought had done wrong to mend his ways at once. It was characteristic of New England ministers in those early times to interest themselves in all that concerned their parishioners. There was good parson Williams in Vermont, who, in the midst of his sermon, seeing that a thunder shower was coming, left his pulpit and led the men of his congregation out to the meadow of one of his deacons and saved his hay for him before the rain fell. The parson worked the hardest of them all, and when the hay was safe under cover marched his people back to the church and finished his sermon, down to fifteenthly. The good deacon had conscientious doubts as to the *way* his hay was saved, but Parson Williams cleared them all away by telling him that God sent the sun to *make* his *hay* and his *friends* to get *it in*.

But to return to our story of the great Cheshire cheese. In 1801 Thomas Jefferson was nominated for the presidency of the United States. There was a strong prejudice against Jefferson in New England. He was believed to be an infidel, and was accused of every kind of political crime. Elder John Leland, however, thought differently. He had been in Virginia, and there had met Thomas Jefferson. They liked each other, and in social conversation Mr. Leland had learned to admire Mr. Jefferson. He became an ardent believer in his principles and ideas of what a republic ought to be. He was almost alone in his admiration of Jefferson, but that made no difference to the brave old man. He began to talk, to preach in the pulpit and out of it, until he brought nearly everybody in the village and county to his way of thinking. When election day came every member of his congregation voted for Jefferson. The parson was jubilant, and in his delight wished to send to President Jefferson a testimonial of respect from his village. He thought of a novel plan and proposed it to his church after service the next Sunday. It was that everybody who had voted for Jefferson in the county should bring on a certain day the curd he felt willing to give, to Captain John Brown's cider mill, and that a committee of farmers' wives, chosen for their skill in making cheese, should make of what was brought an immense cheese to send the President as a token of good-will. Every one was pleased with the idea, and readily promised to do all they could to make the cheese the biggest and the best that was ever seen in America. Captain John Brown was well known from the fact that he was the first to detect and denounce Benedict Arnold as a traitor to his country. He had the best and largest cider mill in the village, and he had it thoroughly cleaned, a false bottom made for it of the clearest, finest wood, and placed around the edge an enormous hoop, thus converting it into a huge cheese box. On the day appointed, people could be seen coming from every

quarter to Captain John Brown's farm. The rich farmer brought gallons of curd; the poor man, who had only one cow, brought a pailful of curd, and each one poured his contribution into the cider mill of Captain John Brown. Then the matrons who had been chosen to make the cheese stepped forward and mixed the huge mass until it was flavored and ready for their husbands to press it. Strong and willing arms soon accomplished this, and Parson Leland, standing with uncovered head in the bright sunlight, asked God's blessing on the day's work; then a hymn was sung after the primitive fashion of the time, the minister reading two lines of the verse, the people singing them, then two more lines were read, and so on until the hymn was finished, and the crowd dispersed. When the cheese was dried it weighed sixteen hundred pounds, and it was decided that the parson should carry it in a sleigh to Washington, and present it in person to the President. The first good sleighing that came Mr. Leland started on his journey of five hundred miles. It took him three weeks to do this, and in the different towns he passed on his way he was met by crowds of people who had heard of the monstrous Jefferson cheese. Arrived at Washington, Mr. Leland was kindly met by the President, who told him he should invite the members of his cabinet and of Congress, with the foreign ministers, to witness the presentation of the gift from his friends in Cheshire. In the midst of this brilliant assembly, the monstrous Cheshire cheese was presented, in the most dignified manner, by John Leland. In accepting it the President said:—

"I will cause this auspicious event to be placed upon the records of our nation, and it will ever shine amid its glorious archives. I shall ever esteem it among the most happy incidents of my life; and now, my much-respected, reverend friend, I will, by the consent and in the presence of my most honored council, have the cheese cut, and you will take back with you a portion of it, with my hearty thanks, and present it to your people that they may all have a taste. Tell them never to falter in the principles they have so nobly defended; they have successfully come to the rescue of our beloved country in the time of her great peril. I wish them health and prosperity, and may milk in abundance never cease to flow to the latest posterity."

The steward of the White House now advanced and cut the cheese, in the midst of courteous silence; all tasted of it, and gravely pronounced it the best and most delicious that ever left a dairy. These compliments were music in the ears of Elder Leland, and after a few days spent in social intercourse, he started for home. On his arrival in Cheshire a great meeting was once more held at Captain Brown's. The people heard with deep interest the story of their pastor's journey and reception in Washington, and tasted of the cheese sent back as a gift from the President, whom they had helped to elect. The whole country side were there to hear; and for many a year the mothers and grandmothers of Cheshire never wearied of telling the story of Elder John Leland and his Jeffersonian cheese. L. B.

SERVE God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit.

WHEN you receive a kindness, remember it; when you bestow one, forget it.

BE just to yourself as well as others. Disparagement leads to discouragement.

For The Dayspring.

THE SHAKER BONNET.

A TRUE STORY.

BY LOUISE L. BELL.

"TELL us a story, do, *do;*" and three pairs of eyes, blue, brown, and gray, looked up into mine.

"I will tell you a story," I replied, "and it shall be about a little girl who lived a good many years ago."

"How many years ago?" asked blue-eyes.

"As many years ago as — when little school-girls wore shaker-bonnets."

"Oh," said brown-eyes, "that must have been a great many years ago! I never saw a little girl who wore shaker-bonnets!"

"I have seen one in our attic, though, — a funny looking thing," said brown-eyes.

"Which, a girl or a bonnet?" asked gray-eyes.

"A bonnet, of course; but do let her tell the story."

"The little girl of whom I shall tell you wore shaker-bonnets to school.

"One day when she was dressing to go out, she took her bonnet down from the nail, and having looked at it very carefully for a minute, she burst into tears.

"'What is the matter, Lu?' said her mother, who stood near by.

"'Mary Ellis said my bonnet was too shabby to wear — said she wouldn't be seen with such a looking thing on her head, and — boo — hoo — I don't want to wear it any longer,' said Lu, between her sobs.

"'My little daughter is very silly to mind what her schoolmates say about such things. I should have bought you a new bonnet, however, had you not been so careless. You would spoil it in a week.'

"'No, mamma, I shouldn't. Buy me a new one trimmed with blue, with a pretty blue silk cape, and you shall see how very careful I will be.'

"'I will think about it,' said her mother.

"Mamma's 'I will think of it,' was as good as a promise, so Lu was not surprised when the new bonnet was sent home on the following day.

"Lu had worn it a week, when one afternoon she came into the house to ask permission to play awhile with her little friends, Sarah and Kitty.

"Mamma gave her consent, but said, 'Promise me you will not go into either of the children's houses.'

"Lu promised, and meant to keep her promise too, but Kitty teased so hard, and it was *such* fun to play in the Fisher's large garret.

"So, having said no twice to Kitty's entreaties that she would go home with her, she finally consented.

"The little girls had great fun playing with the lovely old rubbish in the Fisher's garret.

"Suddenly Sarah Ames cried out, 'Oh, girls, come quick, see what I have found in this barrel!'

"'Sugar! sugar! Oh, how nice!' they cried.

"'I'll tell you what to do,' said Kitty: 'Sarah and I will hold and tip the barrel, while Lu dives in for the sugar.'

"The sugar covered only the bottom of the barrel. As the barrel was deep, and clumsy for two very small girls to handle, the getting at the sugar was hard work.

"Lu got her head into the barrel, half way down, when her straw bonnet caught on a nail, and she began to scream, and to pull with all her might.

"This frightened her companions, who let go of the barrel, and pulled at Lu's dress, crying at the top of their lungs.

"The children's cries brought Mrs. Fisher to the spot; she laughed heartily at a pair of red stockings and two tiny feet, to be seen sticking out of the top of the barrel.

"Poor little Lu! When put on her feet again, she was a sight to behold. Her dress was badly torn where the girls had pulled upon it, and that new bonnet, alas! was minus its crown!

"Lu had to wear that hateful old shaker all summer long.

"And — 'Now my story is done!'"

"Too bad, her new bonnet was spoiled!" said blue-eyes.

"Served her right for not minding her mamma," said brown-eyes.

Gray-eyes said, "How funny she must have looked when she fell into the barrel!"

For The Dayspring.

JENNY'S DECISION.

BY ELLEN T. LEONARD.

JENNY threw herself drearily down on the newly shaved grassy slope, in her favorite retreat behind the lilac bushes.

"Was there ever any thing so hard? How can I bear it?" were the questions she asked aloud of herself. Then, in true girl fashion, her head went down on her arm and she had her little cry and felt better. It was a sharp, short shower, for Jenny was not a girl to drag any thing out. She finished up her lessons or her play with a vigorous decision, and turned the next corner briskly. She could always find enough to hold her interest, in the next by-way of her young life. Now she turned her attention to this new phase in her existence, — something quite different from what she had ever known before; something that looked altogether dark and uninviting. She watched her younger brother, Harry, go slowly down the path leading toward the barn, but she knew he would turn to the left with the little track his own feet had made, and, unloosing his dear old friend the dog, would take himself down to the river at the foot of the hill behind the house, where he and Rouser would settle it between them somehow. It was even harder to bear so soon after the year at school which had closed so successfully. She had stood the highest in her classes, and her teachers and parents were justly pleased with the excellent progress she had made.

"Oh, how could such a cruel thing happen to my father, as for him to fail, and lose all his money. I wish he didn't have that offer to go to another town and start new with uncle Martin. Then he'd have to stay here and pick up the best way he could. What a wicked, wicked girl I am, not to be *glad* he has such a good chance, if it *is* a miserable little town, where I can't have half so good schooling as I can here! I was getting on so splendidly!" And ambitious Jenny, now in her fifteenth year, buried her head again for a moment's sob.

"The dear old beautiful home, too," she added tenderly, as she lifted her head and let her eyes wander over the smooth lawn and well-kept garden, just filling with that growth which looks so promising in early June; the finely built, comfortable house, with glimpses of home-life through the open windows. "I will not be baby enough to cry any more," she said, as her head drooped on her arm again, "but I must think it out, I suppose, the same as ever, in this dear old nook, and then see what I can do." Slowly her eyes closed, and a sense of rest from her struggle stole over her. She didn't think she really slept, but it is hardly likely she would have heard what she did, had she been awake. Perhaps one of the stiff points of newly shaven

grass rubbing against her cheek reminded her of its condition. But this is how it was. There came a whisper and a rustle among the closely clipped blades under her ear. "It's always the way, all summer long," creaked a little raspy voice. "We no sooner get fairly to growing, and our heads well up, but down comes that man with his rattling machine and chops us all down, and leaves us as bristly as a porcupine's back." "It isn't so over in the next lot," piped another small voice. "I wish we could get tall and wavy as the grass there. See, it is already high enough to bend and sway about as the wind touches it." "No," said another, "that grows until it blossoms and has a chance to send its children far and wide. We are kept cropped so short we can neither see nor do any thing in the great world."

"Perhaps," said a different voice from the rest, "there is no need of our doing or seeing much of any thing out in the great world. It may be we are needed more, just exactly here. I don't know as I mind it so very much, whether we are cut often, or only at last like our neighbors. We needn't stop growing. We can throw our life down into our roots if we cannot into our tops."

How long the talk would have lasted we cannot say, but something about the last remark put a thought into Jenny's head, drowsy as it was, that woke her directly, and she suddenly sat up, rubbed the cheek that had lain against the grass, saying reflectively to herself, "It may be that is it. We need not stop growing because we can't grow in just the direction we would choose. I remember papa said we cut the grass often, so the turf should grow firm and hard with roots; we can't play croquet so nicely either, when the grass gets high. Perhaps I *do* need to grow in another direction, more than in school studies. Mamma has often said I run to books too much. I think I know what I *must* do, whether I want to or not, and I *will* do it, and be good for something besides lessons. I'll go right now and help mamma. It's a good thing we have to move so soon, for the quicker I get to work on the new track the better." She was as good as her word. Her mother often blessed the misfortune that gave them, out of their trouble, a helpful and earnest-hearted daughter. Jenny herself never regretted her nap behind the lilacs, as, after bravely keeping up her studies at home, with the help of her father and mother, she became fitted for the higher course of education which she afterwards took at a distant school, and grew to be a woman with a wise heart no less than a well-filled head.

A WITTY RESPONSE.

IT is related of Dr. Holmes that at a country charitable fair one day he was entreated to furnish a letter for the post-office. He seized a sheet of paper, and between its folds placed a $1 bank-note. Turning to the first page he wrote the following: —

"Dear lady, whosoe'er thou art,
Turn this poor page with trembling care;
But hush, oh, hush thy beating heart,
The one thou lov'st best will be there."

In obedience to the poet's injunction the page turned disclosed the attractive greenback of the value of $1, and, to prove the truth of this assertion, he made the following appeal on the opposite page from the bank deposit: —

"Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell
If this is not a truthful letter?
This is the one thou lovest well,
And naught (0) would make thee love it better."

HELPING OTHERS.

MR. MARKMAN was telling his boys, as they walked home from the village a few days before Christmas, that this year he wanted them to try and do something for others, instead of thinking about what they should get themselves. So that evening the boys and their sisters called a council to see what could be done.

Charles had two sleds, the "Gen. Boreas" and "The Reindeer" (a recent present from Uncle Charles); and Harry was the owner of two pairs of skates; while Carrie and Jennie had dolls and playthings without number.

It was finally decided that the "Gen. Boreas" should go to Ned Slicer, and one pair of skates to Tom Slawson, — two boys whose parents were too poor to buy such things for them. Carrie and Jennie made a liberal assignment of their dolls and trinkets among their poorer playmates; and on Christmas Eve, when the four little people started out to play Santa Claus, I think they were happier than they would have been had they really seen the fabulous old gentleman, with his sleigh and reindeer, halt before their own door.

The Bible says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." These boys found it true in their own cases; and I am quite sure, that, if my little people would try the experiment, they too, would find it so. — *Selected.*

SPARE moments are like the gold-dust of time. Of all the portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptation finds easiest access to the garden of the soul.

LITTLE drops of rain brighten the meadows; and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

ROGUISH CHARLIE.

"O WHAT a little darling!" many of the children will say when they see this picture; and they will wonder whether it is the picture of a little girl or of a little boy. It is the picture of a little boy, and his name is Charlie Ladd. He is a bright, active little fellow, who goes all over the house and gets into all sorts of mischief. Just now he was upstairs with his mother, but she left the room for a few minutes and forgot to latch the door after her. Charlie saw the crack and crept up to it, then pulled the door open wide enough to get through, then crept to the head of the front stairs, then backed down over them. When he got to the foot of the stairs he thought he would walk; so he walked into the parlor, tottering along with his arms stretched out, just as you see in the picture.

His mother has come back. She has looked under the bed, but Charlie was not there. She is now calling at the head of the stairs, "Charlie, you rogue, where are you?" But Charlie is too much pleased with the strange sights in the parlor to mind what his mother is saying. He keeps tottering about among the things. Our little readers can guess who will come and what she will do.

SALVATION.

A SERMON TO CHILDREN.

BY REV. JAMES DE NORMANDIE.

ACTS xxvii. 44. — And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land.

DEAR CHILDREN, — Whenever you go to church you are likely to hear the word salvation. It means something that we like to preach about, and something which even children ought to know about; and I hope to make it so simple and easy for you to understand, that you will not think of salvation as some solemn or dreadful thing which belongs only to your fathers and mothers and ministers, and persons when they grow old, and can take interest in nothing but salvation a little while before they die.

Salvation is safety: it is getting out of danger. Suppose a little girl should go along the shore of the sea where the ground is soft and marshy, and each step sink down until she began to be afraid she could not take another, and down, down until she could only move her arms and cry for help, and then some playmates should put one board after another out towards her until they could reach her hands and draw her out, she would be safe, she would be saved. Suppose some little boys should take a boat, when they did not know how to manage it, and get out into the rapid current of our river, and be swept by the strong tide on and on towards the Shoals, and the waves should get too heavy for their little boat, and now one should wash in and then another, and they should be very much frightened and cry for help, and hold up an oar with a hat or a handkerchief to make somebody hear or see them, and some good fisherman should at last come alongside, and take them into his strong boat and bring them back to the wharf, they would be safe, they would be saved.

In the chapter from which we take our text we read about a shipwreck. Long ago, when St. Paul lived and went from land to land and preached the new gospel he loved so much, he was in a boat crowded together with some prisoners; not a fine, large, safe ship, but a small open boat with perhaps only two sails. It was not very common to have shipwrecks then, because the sailors were not very venturesome, and did not go very far from land. There were not many lighthouses, but the sea where St. Paul was sailing was full of islands; you could almost see one from another in every direction, for the atmosphere was very clear; it is an easy day's voyage from one land to another, and there are many safe little bays to anchor in, which the sailor can soon reach if foul weather comes on. The winds, too, generally blow steadily, softly, and mildly in a certain time in one direction and then just as long in another, and the sailor has beautiful nights to watch the stars point him on his way if he should be out so late; but the custom was to make for some haven and haul the boats up on the beach as the darkness fell around them. But storms sometimes came, and one did to St. Paul, and the rocks and breakers threatened them, and the cargo of wheat was cast into the sea, and at last the bow was run aground, and the stem was broken by the waves, and some of the strongest swam ashore, and some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship all came to land; they were safe, they were saved.

Ever since St. Paul's time shipwrecks have been happening. Hardly a winter passes that at least one vessel is not wrecked right in our harbor, and every one

of you has seen some schooner or ship that has been driven on the rocks and sunk, the masts gone, the breakers dashing it to pieces, and the fish swimming about the cabin. When you have seen these, have you ever heard of the efforts the government makes to save all the sailors and passengers and treasures that are on the wrecked vessels? Have you ever read about the life-saving stations along the sea-coast, or seen the illustrations of them in St. Nicholas? For a long time the government did not think about such matters, and year after year, when the winter storms came, the coasts were strewn with wrecks, and many on board perished from cold or hunger or the waves, almost in sight of land, and there were none to try to save them. But now on almost all the most dangerous points and where the most vessels are likely to pass, there are these life-saving stations; sometimes the whole coast will be dotted with them so close together that they can signal to each other for help whenever an unfortunate vessel is threatened to be wrecked; something even better than lighthouses, and able to give more substantial aid in time of great danger. These station-houses are not very large, but built of great strong timbers, securely fastened that no storms may disturb them. If you go to see one of them in pleasant weather you will be likely to find two or three men lying idly around, for on such days there is not much to do but take care of the apparatus; they are like soldiers when there is no war; and when the storm comes you are safely sheltered in your own homes, so that you cannot know what a hard time they have. They are the most skilful and bravest sailors that can be found, — men that have been accustomed to the dangers of the surf and breakers from childhood; and when there are no storms and no ships in peril they are exercised a part of every day in all the different operations for the assistance and relief of vessels. Perhaps some of you have read in your magazines or papers how they live and how they work. Day and night when the storm comes they walk along the beach, or look out with their glasses in search of disabled vessels. Far off over the white caps one of the watchmen sees a ship in distress signalling for aid. He gives a signal whose bright crimson light flies through the dark right to the station-house. In a moment all is excitement. Each one jumps to his post as firemen run to their engine. Lights whose meaning all understand flash in every direction. It is like fireworks on the Fourth of July, only every light and every rocket has a whole list of orders and commands. The wonderful life-boat is hurried on its carriage over the sand, and launched right into the breakers, and seven strong men, each with a life-saving dress on, jump into it. They are not sure the boat can live in such a sea, but they will try. If that will not do, then they must try the life-car, a curious object like a great cigar, in the middle of which is a hole large enough for a person to crawl in, and inside room for three or four persons.

There is a fire-rocket with a percussion cap, and attached to the rocket is one end of a long rope nicely coiled up on the beach. A sure sight is taken towards the wrecked ship, the officer pulls a small trigger, and away through the air speeds the rocket drawing the line after. Far into the sea falls the rocket, and the line lies across the ship. The anxious sailors grasp it and haul until they draw up a stouter rope which has a board fastened to it, on which is printed in three or four languages, so that some one may surely be able to

read it, "Make the block fast to the lower mast, well up. If the masts are gone, fasten to the best place you can find. Cast off small line. See that the rope in the block runs free, and show signal to the shore."

The men on the beach wait patiently until they see a rocket or light on the ship, or until they are sure there has been time enough to arrange the ropes; then they pull on the line which draws the life-car out to the ship. Soon it is alongside, and the wrecked passengers are crowded in with air enough to last only a few minutes. Another signal is given, and the men haul the boat and its precious cargo back; now they are high above the surf, now they are ploughing right through the white caps, and at last it comes gliding along the rope, and near to the shore; the trap-door is opened, and cold, wet, hungry, terrified, gasping, the passengers get out; one load after another is brought from the ship until they are all safe, all saved. The men at the station are commanded always to save first the women and children, then the men, and then the treasures; how different, you see, from those pirates and wreckers of whom you read of old who lived along the coast only to steal whatever they could from vessels in distress.

One hundred years ago the coast of New Jersey was almost whitened with the spars of wrecked vessels and the bones of drowned sailors. It was estimated that from three to six hundred lives every year were lost on that strip of beach from Sandy Hook to Cape May. But now through every great storm the whole coast is guarded; lights shine at every station, and the faithful watchmen patrol every mile of the beach; and during a fearful gale last winter, while vessels were dashed to and fro, and it seemed as if many must perish, not a life was lost,—they were all brought safe to shore, they were all saved.

My dear children, you know what we mean when we say that these shipwrecked people have been saved; you all know what safety means in any such escape from danger or peril. Nor is salvation as we use the word in our churches any harder for you to understand. It is simply being safe when the storms of temptation have gathered round you. It is no doubtful thing; it is no future thing; it is something very certain, and it is here or not here with each one of you this very moment. You can tell yourselves, however young you may be, better than anybody else whether you are saved, whether you have salvation. The providential government of God is far more watchful than any human government, and it has set signal stations all along the way of life, by the love of parents, by the wisdom of teachers, by the example of holy men, to aid us when we have been driven among the rocks and breakers. There is the life-car gliding to and fro along the lines which join your soul to the Infinite,—the voice of conscience like a divine signal heard above the angry sea of sin. You are old enough to know in a great many things the right from the wrong, and every day you may have more of that knowledge, and see more and more clearly these signal lights which everywhere reveal that the divine help is close at hand; you can see the rocket leap through the air which brings to you the line on which your soul, out of the tempest of its temptation, can pass safely to some safe shelter on the friendly shore. Salvation is when you do what you know to be the right. Until you do that you are not safe. Do the right, and you are safe now; do the right all through life, and you are safe for ever.

When you speak the word of truth although the falsehood rises to your lips, you have won salvation. When you keep back the bitter word which would bring pain to another heart, you have won salvation. When you were about to treat some one of the brute creation cruelly, and then, like the old Hindoo writer who said religion was "tenderness towards all creatures," you turn cruelty into kindness, you have won salvation. When you have done all you could to show the respect and obligations you owe to your parents who love you so deeply, you have won salvation. When you have done your best to keep yourself from the company of those who lead you into sin, you have won salvation. When you have done your best to know what God would have you do, by listening to his voice in your own soul, you have won salvation. Salvation is something which grows as you win it; some to-day and more to-morrow; good to-day and better to-morrow.

As it was written on the block which was drawn upon the wrecked ship, "Make fast high up," — so make fast your soul high up to the Eternal Throne, and you will be brought all safe to the Heavenly Shore.

A BRIGHT BOY.

"SEE the moon!" said a lady to her nephew, a bright little boy of five, as they sat looking out of the window the other day.

"The moon!" said the little man. "You can't see the moon in the daytime."

"Yes, you can," continued his aunt. "There it is over the trees."

The little fellow had to admit that he saw it, but added, "'Tain't lighted, anyway."

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

IF you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

If you're told to learn a task,
And you should begin it,
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments nor your works
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,
And stop to plan and measure;
'Tis working with the heart and soul
That makes our duty pleasure.

— *Phœbe Cary.*

For the Dayspring.

THE PET FAWN.

A TRUE STORY.

"A STORY, please!"

Minnie Grant was very happy; for her grown-up brother, Frank, who had been absent for several months in southern India, had come home. She was never tired of listening to his stories about the strange country, the natives, the scenery, the plants, and the wild beasts in the jungles.

"It must be a short one to-night, little sister," he answered, putting his arm around her, and drawing her down beside him in the great easy-chair. "I am going to lecture, but I can spare ten minutes. Have I told you about my pet fawn?"

"No; what is it?" said the little girl, in an eager tone and with sparkling eyes, for she dearly loved pets.

"I was hunting with a friend of mine, in the jungle, near Coimbatore, where, you know, I lived two months. We heard piteous cries, as if of some animal in distress, and, on hurrying to the spot, we found an immense python, or rock snake, coiled around a young fawn. The mother, never minding her own safety, was stamping, with all her might, on the serpent's tail, and both she and her little one were bleating piteously."

"O, poor creatures!" said Minnie; "what did you do?"

"I fired instantly at the snake, and succeeded in destroying it. Its length was twelve feet!"

Minnie's eyes opened wide.

"Why, that is four yards, isn't it?"

"Yes; the doe was frightened by the report of the rifle, and fled far into the jungle. We brought home the fawn, and took care of her. She had a soft bed, and soon learned to suck milk out of the spout of a teapot, covered with a thin rag. She grew very tame, and would come scampering into the veranda, whenever she heard the teapot shaken."

Minnie laughed, "Just as Mrs. Wiswell's cats used to know their dinner-bell."

"Mrs. Wiswell's, where you and mother boarded last summer at the sea-side?"

"Yes; there were ever so many bells, and the three pussies never used to mind about them at all, but the moment their own bell was rung, they would start up, and run, and tumble over one another down stairs, in such a hurry—it was so funny!" *

"Yes; my fawn knew the teapot just as well. She was a pretty creature, I assure you, with her soft brown coat and snow-white breast and feet, her slender limbs and graceful movements. Her eyes were beautiful, Minnie, — large and brown and bright. She would come to me, and rest her head on my knee, and look up in my face in such a pleasant, loving way. She would eat from my hand, and follow me like a dog. You know the color of a deer, Minnie?"

"Yes; I've seen the pet deer on the Common, and fed them, too. Why didn't you bring her home, Frank?"

"I thought of it, dear, for I wanted to give her to you; but the little creature was tender and young, and the long sea-voyage would probably have been too much for her. Then, too, this climate is too cold, used, as she was, to that hot country. So I left her with a friend of mine, who would be kind to her."

"The deer live all winter on the Common," said Minnie; "they have a house built on purpose for them."

"They probably did not come from India; you know deer are found in many different places."

"Well, I am glad you saved her life," said the little girl, as her brother glanced at the clock, and rose to get his overcoat.

M. O. J.

* A fact.

GENIUS AND WORK.

IT has been proposed lately to erect a bust in the Metropolitan Museum in New York in honor of Edgar A. Poe. The proposal has brought to light many anecdotes and recollections of the dead poet, more pleasant than those commonly known.

A gentleman associated with Mr. Poe as editor of a magazine for several years, said lately, "I would not wish to be connected in business with a more courteous, hard-working, gentle gentleman than Poe was, when sober. A single glass, however, was enough to madden him."

The point, however, to which we wish to call attention in his recollections, is this:

"Poe," he says, "was one of the most painstaking, indefatigable literary artists I have ever known. His manuscripts were corrected and rewritten innumerable times. The very poems to which his admirers point as brilliant flashes of genius were produced slowly, with infinite care built up line by line, like a mathematical problem."

Young people are apt to fancy that that intangible faculty called genius can create marvels as by an electric flash without the support of hard work. We doubt, however, if this has ever been the case. Byron, who is probably more credited than any of his contemporaries with genius, unsupported by any of the solid qualities, was a most laborious, careful writer, sometimes revising a single line a dozen times.

The great tragedian Kean was tireless in the drudgery of his art. He spent two days in practising the single line, "Bertram has kissed thy child!" but when spoken, so vivid and natural was its pathos that the house melted to tears.

George Eliot read, Mr. Lewes stated, over one thousand books on Jewish history, &c., before writing "Daniel Deronda." She studied Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, and Hebrew, and wrote for years anonymously, before coming before the public.

Yet young girls and boys, still in their teens, rush before the world with their crude efforts, ballasted neither by facts nor original thought, and complain that they fall flat and unwelcome. — *Youth's Companion.*

HE who makes a great fuss about doing good will do very little; he who wishes to be seen and noticed when he is doing good will not do it long.

THE man who takes the most interest in his business, — the money-lender.

UTILIZING THE TELEGRAPH.

THE Yankees have the credit of surpassing all other nations in inventive genius, and in putting new inventions to the best practical use. But the Norwegians have got ahead of them on one tack, and are entitled to great credit for shrewdness.

The herring fishery is of great value to Norway, and many fishermen rely on its proceeds for the support of their families.

But of late years the movements of the fish have been erratic during their annual migrations. They come and go in a most extraordinary way, and the fishermen, tired of pushing about for days in fruitless search, have at last outwitted the fish by using the telegraph.

Telegraphic poles and wires have been set up along the coast, and now the movements of the fish are reported daily in every fishing village. The fishermen no longer move about at random; they know just where to strike their prey. It is a good illustration of the fact that industries may prosper by making a prompt use of the discoveries of science. — *Selected.*

DON'T SPOIL A KIND ACT.

"WHY don't you hurry along?" said a teamster to a stranger who was passing him. That teamster had very kindly driven his team to one side of the street, and waited for the other to pass. This act of kindness had excited in the bosom of the stranger emotions of gratitude, which would soon have been expressed in thanks; but just then the man of the kind act cried out in a cross tone, "Why don't you hurry along?" Ah! that spoiled it all. It swept away in an instant all grateful emotions from the bosom of the stranger, and created dislike. Thanks were no longer felt, and were never expressed. What a pity that kind acts should sometimes be spoiled by cross words! — *Selected.*

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

LITTLE Isa, three years old, in her father's absence at business, happened to let a china plate fall. Her mother was very sorry for the accident, as it broke her set. At night she told her husband about it, and he said, "Why, Isa, how did you do such a careless thing?" "This way, papa," said she, quick as a flash, taking another plate from the tea-table and dropping it on the floor.

"MAMMA," said a very little girl, with a shocked expression on her face, "they don't have any prayers at Mr. Camp's!"

"Why don't they?" asked the mother, thinking to draw out the little one's thoughts, and then give her some religious instruction.

"Oh!" with a look of contempt for such heathenism, "they don't know beans!"

A YOUNG miss, just home from boarding-school, was showing off her knowledge of astronomy one evening.

"I'm going to find those stars," said her little brother, when she had described Mars and Arcturus.

"Did you find them?" asked his sister, when he came in.

"Well, I found Mars, 'cause he's the red feller, but I couldn't find Leviticus!" — *Youth's Companion.*

Is, "no fun unless it is fun on both sides." Do not play any thing you would be ashamed to describe to others. Do not throw stones at birds, nor torment animals or human beings. Do not "hoax" or play tricks. We have no right to amuse ourselves at the expense of others. I have seldom known any one who deserted truth in trifles who could be trusted in matters of importance. — *Unity.*

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 10, 11, 12, 2, 6, 12, 18, 19, was the birthplace of Jesus.

My 4, 12, 22, 14, 12, 15, 23, 7, Jesus often called himself.

My 14, 3, 11, 13, 23, was one of the Apostles.

My 19, 20, 23, 21, was another Apostle.

My 19, 16, 9, 11, 12, 8, was a friend of Jesus.

My 5, 12, 10, 17, 12, 22, 19, was the place where Jesus talked with the woman of Samaria.

My 24, 8, 2, 11, Jesus likened his disciples to.

My whole is a part of one of the Beatitudes.

CHARADE.

I am a word of five syllables.

My first is an abbreviation of a girl's name.

My second is often a seat for a baby.

My third is a personal pronoun.

My fourth is a tropical fruit.

My fifth is a consonant.

My whole is a word used to describe any thing which has fallen into decay.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

Liberty.

EASY DECAPITATIONS.

1. Spear, pear. 2. Fox, ox. 3. Lark, ark. 4. Bear, ear. 5. Stool, tool. 6. Ship, hip. 7. Shoe, hoe. 8. Trout, rout.

THE DAYSPRING

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

7 TREMONT PLACE . . . . . BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . . $1.00.

Postage, 2½ cents additional for each copy, per year.

PAYMENT INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Entered as Second-class Mail Matter.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.